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no 136m

CHURCH DIRECTORY. 1

HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal Church (South).—Rev. W. W. Lambeth, Pastor. Hardinsburg preaching 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m.; Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Oakland.—Preaching 7th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

St. Zion.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m.; Dr. R. O. Pulliam, Superintendent.

St. George.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

CLOVERPORT.

Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; R. R. Pierce, Superintendent.

Methodist Church (South).—Rev. J. L. Edgerton, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Preaching at Holy Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at Liberty the 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; Jno. A. Murray, Superintendent.

Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month.

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The Song.

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER EYAN.

I walked down the Valley of Silence, Down the dim, voiceless valley alone, And I heard not the sound of a footstep Around me, but God's and my own; And the hush of my heart was as holy As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices Whose music my soul could not win; Long ago was I weary of noises That fretted my soul with their din; Long ago was I weary of places Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly, Yet I craved what the world never gave; And I said, in the world each ideal That shines like a star on life's wave Is toned on the shores of the real, And sleeps like a dream in the grave.

And still did I pine for the perfect, And still found the false with the true; I sought the human for Heaven; And I heard a voice call me, "Be Mine!" And I sighed when the clouds of the mortal Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I tumbled on heart-tired of the human, And groaned "mid the masses of men; Till I knelt long ago at an altar, And heard a voice call me, "Be Mine!" I walked down the Valley of Silence That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask how I found in the Valley? "Tis my trysting place with the Divine; And I fell at the feet of the Holy, And around me a voice said, "Be Mine!" And then rose from the depths of my soul An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley? "I weep, and I dream, and I pray; But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops That fall on the roses in May; And my prayer, like perfume from the censer, Ascends to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence I hear all the songs that I sing; And the music floats down the dim Valley Till each finds a word for a wing. Till to men like the doves of the deluge The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows That never shall break on the beach, And I hear a voice call me, "Be Mine!" That never shall float into speech. And I have had dreams in the Valley Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley— Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!— They were holy thoughts in the silence, Their footsteps can scarcely be heard; They pass down the Valley like virgins, Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley? "To hearts that are hallowed by care, It lies far between mountains, And God and His angels are there; And one is the dark mount of sorrow, And one the bright mountain of prayer.

The Story.

The Secret Marriage.

To say that Harvey Frothingham was in a bad temper was to put the mildest form of words to express the savage mood in which he found himself one winter's evening, as he shot through the main street of the town of L., on his way homeward. Everything had gone contrary to his wishes all the week.

To commence with, he had fallen in love with Josephine Ormound, whose pretty face was her only fortune, and who worked in a paper-box factory for her daily bread.

Entirely ignorant of the fact that Harvey Frothingham was a man of standing and wealth in L., pretty Josie allowed the minor facts, that he was insultingly free in his addresses, to influence her so strongly that she dignified reserve taught him the lesson he needed, and when he sought her for his wife she refused the honor.

"As if by love!" the angry man meditated, "I was only a bad carrier."

To add to this discomfort, the heiress, Miss Maude Chesterton—whom he had held in reserve, that his ambition might win a wife if his love would not—had coolly informed him that she was engaged to Fred Holman.

Now if there was one man above another who was utterly detestable in the eyes of Harvey Frothingham, it was Fred Holman. They had both been rivals at school, where both stood well in talent, application and social position, and Fred was ever a little in advance in every prize, carrying away the coveted prizes far more frequently than it suited Harvey's soul.

In society, Fred's handsome face, ready wit, courteous manners, and frank, sunny temper, kept him ever in higher favor than Harvey Frothingham's sullen, cold disposition could gain.

And now, when Maude had been ever gracious to the son of the wealthy banker, Silas Frothingham, she answered his love-suit by the tidings that his life-long rival had won her promise to be his bride.

And the worst of it is, it will be just the match to suit his uncle," muttered Harvey, savagely. "No fear of him dithering! Fred now."

For Harvey knew that Fred depended entirely upon the good-will of his mother's brother, James Rutherford, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor, for his income. He had been left an orphan when a mere boy, and his uncle had adopted and educated him, and would probably make him his heir.

But the bachelor, having long ago put away sentiment, if he ever felt it, looked to Fred to make a match that would increase his fortune and social position. It was the wish of his heart to see Fred the husband of Maude Chesterton, and his wish was to be fulfilled.

Harvey Frothingham, at odds with love, would like to see his rival refused, dishonored, humbled as he felt himself humbled, since neither love nor money would accept him.

He strode over the pavement in a savage mood, and started suddenly to see Josephine Ormound coming out of a shop a few steps in advance of him. In her hand were several small packages, and her face was pale and anxious.

In a moment Harvey was at her side.

"Let me carry some of your parcels," he said, lifting his hat as he spoke.

"Thank you, I have only a few steps to go," answered Josie, hurrying forward nervously.

"You need not be afraid of me," Harvey said, noting her nervous manner. "I will not annoy you. Why will you not believe my respect is as great for you as my love?"

And before he knew exactly where his words were leading him, the young man was renewing the offer he had made before.

At the door of a small lodging-house Josie stopped and faced him.

"You have spoken so before, Mr. Frothingham, she said, gently; "and because I believe you are sincere I will tell you what I have kept secret for six months. I am already married!"

"Josie! Be quick! Why do you stand there?" cried a voice in the narrow hallway, and a man stepped into the bar of light thrown across the open door by a street lamp.

"Fred Holman!" muttered Harvey, starting forward. "Married! and to Fred Holman!"

It almost consoled him in his own disappointment to think of the hold he had upon his rival. Engaged to Maude Chesterton, and married to Josie Ormound! Fancy the proud face when she knew she had been deceived for a girl who worked in a factory. And sweeter still was it to Harvey Frothingham to think of the wrath of James Rutherford when the news reached him.

But in his triumph, Harvey Frothingham had resolved to be very cautious, to have strong proof of his rival's marriage before venturing to accuse, to either his uncle or his betrothed.

He had noticed the number of the house in the glare of the street-lamp: "No. 28, Ralph street."

This was the entry he made in his notebook, in case his memory proved treacherous.

It seemed as if fortune favored his plans. Only the next day, happening to get into a large fruit-and-flour-shop, he saw Fred Holman selecting the contents of a large fancy basket of choicest fruits and rarest blossoms.

Nodding carelessly to Harvey, he wrote the address upon a card, and attached it to the pretty basket.

"You will send this at once," he said, and then left the shop.

And Harvey, taking the place Fred had just vacated, read the card:

"Mrs. F. Holman, No. 28 Ralph street."

What proof was needed now? It was not in the nature of Harvey Frothingham to work openly in any scheme. A blow in the dark suited him better. Feeling sure of his position now, he hurried homeward to write two anonymous letters, that would, he fondly hoped, dishonor and utterly confound his long-suffering rival.

One of these venomous missives found Maude Chesterton in her pretty boudoir, trifling with some embroidery, and dreaming sweet dreams of her love and Fred Holman's sweet devotion.

She was a handsome, dignified girl of nineteen, full of all womanly sweetness, unspoiled by her great wealth.

She loved Fred Holman with the whole strength of her young heart, and she was sure that her love was returned.

With the divine intuition of true love, she knew that if she were beggared or deformed Fred would love her still the same.

Not for money had he sought her for his wife, not even to please his uncle. He loved her.

The dainty work under the slender fingers progressed but slowly, as Maude lay back in her deep arm-chair, looking into the glowing fire, and building castles of future happiness.

From this tender reverie she was roused by a servant, who handed her a squarely-folded letter, awkwardly addressed, and fastened with a wax.

Wondering who her unknown correspondent could be, she opened the paper. The same straggling hand inside met her eyes. Only a few lines were written:

"If you would have a proof of the falsehood of one you believe true, go at eight o'clock this evening to the second floor of No. 28 Ralph street, and you will find Mr. Frederick Holman and his wife!"

"Anonymous!" the proud girl said, her lips curling and her eyes flashing. "It is a falsehood!"

She threw the note upon the coals as she spoke, and watched the flames curl and blacken the paper till it flashed out of sight up the chimney.

Then, with all the color stricken from her face, she took up her embroidery.

Had Harvey watched her then, he would have thought that that poisoned arrow had missed its aim.

But it was not so. The work was thrown aside, the piano rang out under the restless fingers, a novel was opened, a room was not in order; but while the calm face betrayed no secret suffering, the girl was tortured all day by the words of the anonymous note:

"Frederick Holman and his wife!"

"Could it be? Had the frank, brown eyes that had looked so lovingly into hers, mirrored only a false heart? Was she, indeed, so far deceived?"

Long before eight o'clock Maude Chesterton resolved to prove or falsify the words that seemed burned upon her brain.

Surely, of all the world she had the best right to test the truth of such a monstrous charge against her betrothed lover.

And while she was striving to hide from any eyes the tortures she endured, James Rutherford was storming up and down his library, holding the second of Harvey Frothingham's communications in his hand. In the same awkward handwriting, the same facts were stated, the same hour and place to verify the writer's words.

secret of his wrath. To have listened to him, one would have supposed that making mince meat of his disobedient nephew was the least he intended. He called him all the pet names suggested by a furious rage; he used up all the abusive adjectives in the dictionary to describe Mr. Frederick Holman.

He exhausted every threat that he could devise; long before eight o'clock he had wrought himself up to a rage that was frightful to witness.

It was with a chuckle of satisfaction that Harvey Frothingham, secretly hidden in a narrow courtyard, watched a tall, stately figure leave his carriage at the head of Ralph street, and walk to the door of No. 28.

In the quiet of the street he heard a clear voice call the servant who opened the door:

"Does Mrs. Holman live here?"

"Yes, ma'am, second floor."

"Is her husband at home?"

"O yes, ma'am; you'll find them both there."

Then Maude Chesterton entered the house, just as a short, panting man dashed up the steps, and, not pausing to make inquiry, also entered.

In the passage, Maude Chesterton, turning as rapid steps followed her, faced James Rutherford.

"You here!" he said. "You have heard too, then, of the trick this ungrateful hound has played upon us?"

"I have heard," she answered, in a cold voice. "I wish to ascertain if it is true."

"We will soon see!—we will soon see! Second floor? Here we are. Now then!"

And the old gentleman's rage proved the excitement under which he was laboring.

A very pale, sweet woman opened the door, her eyes showing that she had been weeping very recently.

"Does Mrs. Holman live here?" the old gentleman asked.

"That is my name, sir."

"Can I see your husband?"

"The soft eyes full of deep trouble were lifted."

"Is it on business, sir?"

"Very important business," was the rather dry response.

"Because the doctor said to-day he must not have any mental excitement. He is so very much worse to-day; I—I am afraid he is dying!"

And sobbings broke out again.

"Dying!"

Maude Chesterton reeled into the room, and sank dizzily on a chair.

James Rutherford, with a face white as death, said: "Dying? An accident?"

"No, sir, it is a fever from overwork."

"Fever—overwork!"

"Josie—Josie!"

If ever Fred Holman spoke, he spoke then from an inner room, and the little wife, seeming to forget her strange visitors, answered, quickly:

"I'm coming, Fred."

She went at once to the room from which the voice came, and again the two, listening intently, heard Fred's husky voice:

"Bring the tall cordial, Josie. Ten drops! I am sure he knew me; but he is faint!"

A moment later the same husky voice spoke again: "Drink this, old fellow. See, here is Josie! Don't you know Josie?"

Then another voice—oh! so very faint!—said: "Josie—little wife!"

A moment of utter silence followed, and then Josie said:

"There is a gentleman and lady in the other room, Fred, who want to see Frank. Will you see them?"

Cooking Hints.

TEA CAKE.—Take four cups of flour, three of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, one spoonful of saleratus.

BAKED RICE PUDDING.—Swell a coffee cup of rice, add a quart of milk, sweeten it with brown sugar, and bake it about an hour, or a little more, in a quick oven or baker.

GOOD BUTTERWHEAT CAKE.—Stir up about half a gallon of batter, with warm water; then add a little salt; also, half a cup of yeast; next morning add a little soda, and bake.

MEAT LOAF.—Chop fine whatever meat you may have, fat and lean together; add pepper and salt, one finely-chopped onion, two slices of bread, which have been soaked in milk, and one egg. Mix well together and bake in a dish. This makes a nice tea or breakfast dish.

BOILED BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of meal, one cup of flour, one spoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two-thirds cup of molasses; put it into a greased pudding boiler or tin pail; plunge in boiling water and boil three hours.

GINGER CAKE.—Take one pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of butter, one spoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, and boil all the ingredients thoroughly; when nearly cold add as much flour as can be rolled into the mixture.

RAISED MUFFINS.—One quart of milk, four eggs, one small teaspoon yeast, butter size of an egg, flour to make a thin batter; in the morning add half a teaspoonful of soda if the dough is turned. This rule makes three dozen muffins.

SPOON CAKE.—Four large eggs, two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, even full; beat the two parts of the eggs separate, the whites to a froth; then beat them together, stir in the flour, and without delay, put it into the oven.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint sweet milk, one egg, two large spoonfuls of molasses, two of melted butter, cup and a half of corn meal, one cup flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, a little salt; mix together, then chop some sweet apples about the size of raisins, and stir in and bake.

CATSKILL MILK POTATOES.—Take good, sound potatoes, cut them in slices, (raw) and put the milk, according to the quantity which you wish to make, in a pudding dish, then, after you have put the potatoes in the milk put it in the oven for about twenty minutes, then take out and put the potatoes with the same milk into a saucepan to boil until done; season before you put them to boil.

FY FOR A KING.—Put a pint and a half of milk to boil in a thoroughly clean saucepan; sweeten and flavor it with some orange-flower water, or any other essence. Beat up the whites of eggs until they are quite firm and crisp, like snow. Put a tablespoonful at a time into the boiling milk, turning them after a few seconds. Arrange in a pyramid on a deep dish. Let the milk get cool, and then make a custard with the yolks, and pour round. The whites should be beaten in a cold place.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Boiled linseed oil is best for furniture polish.

To remove oil spots from matting, counterpanes, etc., wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, then wash with cold water.

To take the shine off worn silk and clothes, use spirits of ammonia or alcohol diluted with water, and applied with a sponge.

To clean hair brushes and combs, wash in a quart of soft water, in which is stirred four teaspoonfuls of liquid ammonia.

Procure a bottle of the oil of cedar, with a brush paint the cords at the eye-lets and all the crevices in the bedstead. Two applications will destroy the bed-bugs.

When molasses is used in cooking it is an improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar.

If a shirt bosom, or any other article, by Snake bracelets, winding several times around the arm, and having jeweled eyes, are among late novelties in jewelry and ornaments.

Jewelry for the hair and imitation jeweled ornaments for this purpose are seen in great quantities and variety in the jewelry and fancy stores.

The hat of the passing moment is the equestrienne, in rough gray felt, banded with three narrow ribbons placed at intervals around the crown.

Birds of paradise, butterflies and insects of all sorts in the form of gold filigree and Japanese feather ornaments are worn in the hair for open dress.

The belted Josephine corset, the corset basque and the corset with long points back and front are all worn for evening toilets, with low, square necks.

For street wear, under all circumstances a very simple dress, although it be a little shabby, is preferable to one more elaborately draped and trimmed that has lost its freshness.

All morning toilets for the street should be short and very dark or black. The materials may be vicogne, cashmere, camel-hair and all woolen goods, but the trimmings may be of silk.

The fancy of the moment in short costumes is a skirt and jacket of seal brown cloth, the wrap of the same also in English cut shape, trimmed with a collar, revers, cuffs, and pocket straps of seal fur.

How OLD WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—When one pound is a quart. Loaf sugar, one pound is a quart. White sugar, one pound is a quart. One ounce is a quart. Eggs, average size